Joan of Arc



JOAN OF ARC.

A Biography.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

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PREFATORY.

FEW of her biographers seem to have appreciated the character of Joan of Arc. Lamartine and Henri Martyn understand her better than any others. To them and to other authentic sources I am indebted for the materials of the following sketch. Indeed, it is in the main a free translation, greatly condensed, of Lamartine's "Jeanne d'Arc."

The record of her trial is still unpublished, in the Royal Library of Paris. "It is truly disgraceful," says Henri Martyn, "that the materials for the history of Joan of Arc have not yet been collected, and given to the public officially." We learn from the same source that this forgetfulness, or rather this national ingratitude, is

about to be repaired by the Historical Society of France.

She seems to have been a being by herself, — a woman in all gentleness, tender yearnings, and fortitude sublime; a man in intellect, heroic daring, and loftiest aspiration; a warrior attaining the highest military honors, and wearing them with utmost humility. She towers above all others in the greatness of her achievements, the rounded completeness of her character, and in her superhuman sway alike over the mightiest and the meanest in the realm.

Next to Jesus, she seems to have been the grandest medium of divine communication; a being sent from a higher sphere to allure and buoy us upward. Her inspiration was a summons from God, reverberating through a whole people, and concentrating its power in the exaltation and agony of a single soul.

JOAN OF ARC.

I.

Enthusiasm is a sacred flame. We do not analyze it: we are dazzled, rapt, and silent before it. When this passion takes possession of a nation, women feel it in a higher degree than men. As they are by their nature more sensitive, more impressible, more loving, they identify themselves more fully through their imagination and their affections with their country: her image is incorporated with that of their mothers, their husbands, their children, their homes, their sepulchres, their temples, and their gods.

II.

At the period when Joan arises to save her country, France, torn by intestine factions, a prey to the ambition of those who seek only

their own aggrandizement, is France no more. A large portion of her territory is in the hands of the English, and the whole nation abandoned to the horrors of a civil war. Her king, Charles VII., a weak and unprincipled monarch, looks in vain for his subjects; the people, for their king.

The sufferings of the nobility, and even of the citizens, were nothing in comparison to those of the peasants, who, always oppressed, even in the most prosperous times, are no longer under the hand of a single master, but crushed beneath the heel of a thousand tyrannical mercenaries. Dismayed, down-trodden, they are plunged into that bottomless pit, where humanity sinks into the horrors of desolation. Into this gulf descended the pure ray of the divine ideal, carrying with it life and salvation. From the profound of this hell arose the deliverer, and that deliverer a woman.

From among the country people, who are more susceptible of the wild transports of religious enthusiasm, arose Joan of Arc. The women were sunk to a more degraded condition than the men. They were abandoned to all the outrages, all the insolent ferocity, of brute force during those frightful wars which drove humanity back to its primitive barbarism.

By a sublime expiation, a virgin, clad in that living armor with which the poets of India invest their celestial warriors, was now to break in pieces the sword of the oppressor.

This condition of the people presaged and prepared the way for the events which followed. Plunged into the abyss of despair, they had abandoned all hope of human succor; but the sentiment of an indestructible nationality survived. Expecting nothing from man, the "trampled millions' smothered cry" went up to God. A burning religious enthusiasm prevailed, and the tradition that salvation would come through a woman gained ground from day to day. Everywhere reigned that intense expectation which foreshadows a great event.

Such was the state of the nation when Providence wrought out the redemption of France through the instrumentality of a child.

III.

In the village of Domrémy, in Upper Lorraine, not far from the little town of Vaucouleurs, resided a family whose name was D'Arc. The father was a husbandman; and, if we may

judge from the manners and domestic habits of this family, they enjoyed the comforts and the leisure which competence affords. The father's name was Jacques; the mother's, Isabelle Romée. There were two sons, Jacques and Pierre; and a daughter, younger than her brothers, who was called Joan; although her godmother had likewise given her the name of Sibyl. She used to play and wander about in the adjoining forests with the little girls of the village. Her mother did not know how to read, and consequently could not teach Joan; but she conversed with her on subjects calculated to imbue her mind with religious sentiments. She taught her to sew; and so great was her skill in this department, that no matron in Rouen excelled her. She also learned how to spin hemp and wool.

"No girl of her age and condition," said one of her companions interrogated concerning her childhood, "was more loved in the house of her parents. How many times have I been to her home! Joan was a sweet and simple girl: she loved to attend church, and to go on holy pilgrimages; she busied herself about the house like other girls; she went often to confession; she blushed when she was laughed at about her piety, and her going too often to pray

in the sanctuary. She loved to take care of the sick children in the surrounding cottages." A poor laborer told her judges that he remembered her watching by him when he was a child.

IV.

THE pensive beauty of Joan attracted the admiration of the youth of the village, while her modesty forbade all approach to familiarity. Several, however, charmed by her loveliness and gentle demeanor, asked her of her parents in marriage. She steadily rejected every offer, feeling, by some presentiment perhaps, that she was appointed to give birth one day, not to children, but to a nation. One of her lovers, bolder than the rest, presumed to claim her hand, swearing in court that she had promised to be his wife. The poor girl, abashed, but indignant, when summoned to appear at Toul on the charge of breach of faith, protested that the accusation was false; and the judges, being convinced of her innocence, acquitted her, and sent her home.

V.

WHILST her beauty delighted every eye, the thoughtfulness of her countenance, the solitude and silence of her life, astonished her parents and her brothers. Nothing of the languor of ripening womanhood betrayed her sex; while she possessed all its delicacy and its attractions. Neither nature, nor the passion of love, asserted itself in her. Her soul, dwelling apart, seemed rather to meditate than feel; yet pitiful and tender, with a pity and tenderness embracing something grander and more distant than her own horizon. She prayed without ceasing, said little, and shunned company of her own age. When sewing, she generally retired to a little enclosure under the hedge behind the house, whence she could see only the sky, the tower of the church, and the distant mountains. There she seemed to hear within herself those voices which external noises might have silenced.

She was but eight years old when already all these signs of inspiration were manifest in her. She seemed, like the ancient sibyls, marked from infancy with the fatal seal of sadness, of beauty, and of isolation among the daughters of men.

She loved every thing that suffered, — the birds and the animals, which she regarded as endowed with affections like ourselves, but ungifted with words to express them. They seemed to her like beings condemned by God to live with man in a kind of purgatory, having perfected in them only the power to suffer and to love. She was attracted and spell-bound by all that was sublime and melancholy in nature. She delighted in the chime of the church-bells; and, to induce the ringer to prolong the Angelus, she gave him skeins of woollen yarn to contribute to the autumn-gathering for the poor.

But, above all, her heart bled for the kingdom of France, and for the young dauphin, without mother, without country, and without crown. The accounts she daily heard through monks, soldiers, pilgrims, and mendicants, — the cottage newsmongers of that age, — overwhelmed her with anguish, and filled her heart with compassion for her unfortunate sovereign. He was associated in her mind with the calamities of her country, and she regarded his restoration as the means of salvation for France.

VI.

She had heard her voices for a long time before speaking even to her mother of them. One day at noon, when she was alone in the garden, under the shadow of the church, she heard distinctly a voice call her by name: "Joan, arise! Go to the succor of the dauphin! Restore to him his kingdom of France!" The splendor that accompanied the command was so celestial, the voice so distinct, and the summons so imperative, that she fell on her knees, and exclaimed, "How can I do this, since I am but a poor girl, and know neither how to ride, nor to lead armies?" The voice was not content with these excuses. "You will go to the Lord of Baudricourt, the king's captain at Vaucouleurs. He will send you under escort to the dauphin. Fear nothing. St. Catharine and St. Margaret will protect you."

At this first distinct intimation of the difficult and dangerous task she was destined to undertake, she trembled and wept in agony of spirit, but was silent. To this divine communication succeeded visions. She saw St. Michael armed with a lance, clothed with light, as he appeared in the painting over the altar. The

archangel pictured to her the rending-asunder and desolation of the kingdom, and demanded of her its deliverance. St. Margaret and St. Catharine also appeared to her, and spoke tender and gentle words: crowns encircled their brows, angels followed in their train, all paradise seemed opened to her view. Absorbed in divine communion, she forgot the peril and rigor of her mission, and was lost in holy contemplation. When the voices ceased, when the angelic forms withdrew, when heaven closed, Joan found herself bathed in tears. "Oh that the angels had taken me with them!" she cried. But her mission was not yet accomplished: she was to ascend to the glory she yearned for from the funeral-pyre of the martyr.

VII.

These conversations in which she was summoned to her arduous task; these spiritual joys, which strengthened her sometimes wavering faith; the agony which usually followed the conviction of the grand and perilous work she was called to perform, the obstacles interposed, and the consequent delay,—lasted several years. At length, she communicated all that had happened

to her mother, who informed her father and brothers. The rumor soon spread through the country, a subject of wonder for the simple, of doubt for the wise; of sarcasm for some, and of gossip for all.

The idea of a young girl leading armies to battle, crowning her king, and delivering her country, was to be found in tradition as well as in the Bible. Joan made it the religion of the nation. Her father, an aged and austere man, was greatly troubled at the reports of these visions and wonders. He did not think his family worthy of these dangerous favors from heaven, and of these visits of angels and saints. Holding communication with spirits seemed to him suspicious, especially in an age when superstition ascribed to demons so many events, and when exorcism and the stake punished all who were suspected of intercourse with the invisible world. He thought the melancholy and illusions of his child were owing to physical causes. He therefore urged her to marry, hoping that her loving and devoted nature might find in the affections of a wife and mother something to divert her mind from the one idea which seemed to permeate and absorb her. Sometimes his remonstrances were accompanied by invective. He declared he would rather drown her with

his own hands than that she should go into the army.

VIII.

NEITHER the menaces of her father, nor the displeasure of her mother, to whom she was tenderly attached, prevented her from seeing visions and hearing voices. Obedient in all else, she earnestly wished to obey in this also; but her inspiration was too strong. Heaven must be obeyed before men. Her visions were more potent than the pleadings of nature. She suffered much from grieving those she loved, and, like her divine Exemplar, prayed that this fearful cup might pass from her; but in vain: like Jesus, too, she said, "Father, not my will, but thine, be done." She trusted, that, when her mission was accomplished, she might obtain the pardon of her parents; and they did pardon her when her success and her glory had justified her disobedience.

IX

A CATASTROPHE which desolated her village helped to strengthen her intention of going forth

on her mission. This little hamlet, situated at a distance from the theatre of war, had heretofore suffered little; but in 1428 it was invaded by the Burgundians, and the inhabitants of Domrémy had only time to flee with their flocks to Neufchâtel. When the enemy had departed, and the people returned, Joan saw nothing but ruin and desolation in those places she had so loved. Her village had been sacked, her church burnt to the ground. Was it not Heaven which thus punished her delay?

X.

JOAN had an uncle more simple, more tender, more enthusiastic, than her father, in whose heart she first found sympathy, and faith in her mission. These second fathers are often more truly paternal than the real ones; perhaps because they love from choice, and not from duty. Such seems to have been the uncle of Joan, — the father of her heart, her comforter, her confidant, and, lastly, the agent appointed by God to assist her.

To shield her from the reproaches and displeasure of her father, he took her to his own house under pretext of needing her to nurse

his wife. Joan profited by her residence there. She entreated her uncle to go to Vaucouleurs, a fortified town in the vicinity of Domrémy, to obtain the assistance of the Lord of Baudricourt, commandant of the city. Her uncle, urged also by his wife, consented. He went to Vaucouleurs, and delivered the message with which he was intrusted. The warrior was amused. He could only smile at the madness of a peasant-girl of seventeen undertaking to accomplish for the dauphin and the kingdom what thousands of knights, politicians, and soldiers, had been unable to achieve. "You have nothing to do," said Baudricourt to the messenger of miracles, dismissing him, "but to chastise your niece well, and send her home."

The uncle returned, discouraged by the incredulity of Baudricourt, and resolved to persuade his wife and niece of their delusion; but Joan had such power over him, and conviction made her so eloquent, that she soon revived his faith, and even induced him to take her, unknown to her parents, to Vaucouleurs. She felt that this was the decisive step; that, if once she left the village, she would never return. She confided her intention to a young girl whom she tenderly loved, named Mangète. They prayed together; and, at parting, Joan commended her to God.

But she concealed her departure from one whom she loved still more, named Hauniette; "fearing," she said afterwards, "that she could not master her grief at leaving her if she bade her good-by." She wept much in secret, and at last conquered her tears.

XI.

Habited in a red dress, such as was usually worn by peasant-girls, Joan set out on foot with her uncle. On arriving at Vaucouleurs, she was hospitably received by the wife of a wheelwright, a cousin of her mother. Baudricourt, overcome by the entreaties of the uncle and the perseverance of the niece, consented to receive her, — not through faith in her mission, but to rid himself of their importunity. He was moved by the beauty of the young peasant, whom her chevalier, Daulon, described, about this time, as "a young girl, beautiful and well-formed, modestly revealing all womanly graces." Baudricourt having questioned her, Joan answered, "I come to you in the name of God, my lord, to tell you to send word to the dauphin to remain where he is, and not give battle to the enemy at this time, because God

will send him succor by the middle of Lent. The kingdom," added she, "does not belong to him, but to God, his Lord. Yet God wills that he shall reign. Notwithstanding all his enemies, he shall be king; and it is I who shall lead him to be crowned at Rheims."

Baudricourt dismissed her, undecided what course to pursue. Deeply impressed by her message, he dared not reject her when the kingdom was trembling on the verge of ruin, and incredulity might be imputed to him as a crime. He prudently referred the matter to the clergy, the right tribunal, he said, to judge of supernatural cases. He also consulted the curate of Vaucouleurs, who went with him to visit Joan. The curate, that his presence might be more impressive, put on his priestly garments, — his armor against the Tempter. He assumed an air of great solemnity, exorcised the evil spirits, and warned her to withdraw her claims if she were in communion with Satan. But the only spirits that possessed Joan were piety and patriotism. She underwent the priestly ordeal without giving offence either to the curate or the warrior. They left her, deeply interested, but perplexed.

XII.

This visit astonished the little town. People of every condition, especially women, hastened to the house. The mission of Joan was believed in by some, and talked about by all. It was no longer possible for Baudricourt to check the prevailing excitement. Already he heard himself accused of cowardice or indifference. "To reject such assistance from Heaven, was it not treachery to France and the dauphin?" A nobleman, who, among many others, had come to see Joan, indignant at Baudricourt, said to her, "Well, my girl, then the king must be driven away, and we must all become English." His complaints were echoed by the people. Joan complained too, not for her own sake, but for the sake of France. Yet, relying on the promise which she had had from on high, she said, "Whatever betide, I will see the dauphin before mid-Lent, even if I have to make the journey on my knees. No one, whether king, duke, or daughter of the King of Scotland, can wrest the kingdom from God. He will deliver it by my hand. Yet," she added with sadness, "I had rather sit beside my mother, and spin. I know that fighting is not

my work: but I must do as I am commanded; for my Lord wills it." — "Who, then, is your Lord?" they asked. "It is God," she said.

Two knights who were present, one young, the other old, were deeply moved. They swore, their hands clasped in hers, that, by the help of God, they would take her to the king.

XIII.

THE inhabitants of Vaucouleurs purchased a horse for Joan, and a military suit, not only as a badge of her warlike mission, but to protect her from insult. Baudricourt gave her a sword. The report of her departure for the army having reached Domrémy, her father, her mother, and her brothers, hastened to Vaucouleurs, and insisted on taking her home. She wept with them; but tears, though they melted her heart, could not shake her resolution.

She set out, accompanied by the two knights and several horsemen, for Chinon, where the dauphin then resided. Her escort traversed rapidly the provinces held by the English and Burgundians, lest their precious trust should be captured. The soldiers, uncertain at first as to the nature of her inspiration, at times wor-

shipped her as a saint, and again shunned her as a sorceress. Some of them even conferred together as to whether they should not rid themselves of her by casting her into some mountain torrent, and then pretending that she had been carried off by the Devil. But often, when on the point of executing their plot, they were restrained by a power they dared not defy. The youth, the beauty, and the holy innocence, of Joan, were doubtless the charm which arrested their hands. Incredulous at starting, they arrived convinced.

XIV.

The dauphin had been informed by letter of all that had happened in Lorraine. The wandering court, now at the château of Chinon, near Tours, awaited the arrival of the inspired girl with various emotions. The chief counsellors of the dauphin advised him not to listen to a child, who, if not an instrument of the Prince of Darkness, was certainly the victim of her own delusion. Others, more credulous, urged him to consult this oracle. The Queen Yolande, mother-in-law of the dauphin, and the ladies of the court, were proud to think that

France might owe her safety to a woman. They felt that all human means had failed, and that a miracle, real or imagined, could alone restore confidence to the people, and enthusiasm to the army. "Perhaps it was God who brought this help." Statesmanship or craft were alike good in a desperate cause. The dauphin, hesitating between the grave advice of his counsel and the earnest solicitations of the women, found himself greatly perplexed. He was driven to rely upon any thing, because he had nothing to hope.

XV.

Such was the state of affairs when Joan arrived at Chinon. She was entertained in the neighborhood, at the castle of the Lord of Gaucourt. Visited by the lords and ladies of the court, her simplicity won the hearts of the latter, while it interested and edified the former. The knights who held Orleans for the king had too much need of a miracle to question her mission. They accordingly despatched several of their number to plead the cause of their future liberator. The dauphin consented, at length, to receive her; but he determined, before giving credence to her claim, to test the

truth of her inspiration. The humble peasant-girl, in her shepherdess costume, was introduced to the court, composed of military men, of counsellors, of courtiers, and of queens. The dauphin, dressed with affected simplicity, mingled in the groups of richly-attired noblemen; thus leaving the young girl in doubt as to who was her sovereign. "If she be truly sent of God," thought he, "he will lead her to the only one who has royal blood in his veins. If Satan sent her, she will be deceived by appearances."

Joan advanced confused, dazzled, and hesitating. Among the crowd, she sought with timid glance the one to whom she had been sent. She recognized him without questioning any one, and, modestly approaching him, fell upon her knees. "It is not I who am the king," said the dauphin, pointing to one of his courtiers: "there is the king." But Joan replied with great earnestness, "By my God, gracious prince, you are the king, and none other." Then in a solemn voice she added, "Most noble lord, the King of kings declares through me that you shall be consecrated and crowned, in the city of Rheims, his vicegerent over the kingdom of France."

At these words the whole court were struck with awe. The dauphin himself was deeply

moved: but he wished still further evidence; and, leading her aside into the embrasure of a window, he conversed with her in a low voice respecting a matter which troubled his conscience, and made him doubt his right to the throne. He had never mentioned the subject to any one. It was of a kind to make his mother blush, and rob him of the crown. The life led by Isabeau of Bavaria made it uncertain whether the dauphin were really the son of Charles VI. The inspired answer of Joan was inaudible to the bystanders; but they saw, by the countenance of the dauphin, the pleasure and relief that it gave him. Often, and very recently too, would he shut himself in his oratory, and pray God, with tears, to reveal to him in some way whether he was indeed the heir to the kingdom: if so, to restore to him his inheritance; if not, to grant him a safe asylum among the Spaniards or the Scots, his only friends. "I tell thee from God," insisted Joan, raising her voice, and saluting him, "that thou art the true son of the king, and the rightful heir."

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XVI.

This conversation with the king; the favor of the princesses; the entreaties of the knights from Orleans; the clamor of the people, ever ready to put faith in the marvellous rather than the possible; and, lastly, the calculating policy which encouraged a conviction so advantageous to its designs, — all these causes created round the stranger a respect and devotion which made the least doubt a crime. The bastard of Orleans, the famous Dunois, called her by repeated messengers to Orleans, that her presence might re-animate his troops. On hearing her story, the Duke of Alençon, a chivalrous and courteous prince, hastened to her, and embraced her cause with all the warmth of youth and enthusiasm. The courtiers crowded round her at the Castle of Coudray. Some presented her with superb war-horses; others taught her how to keep herself in the saddle, how to manage her steed, how to break a lance. All were charmed with the courage, strength, and grace which she showed in these martial exercises. It seemed as if the soul of a hero had transfused itself into this maid of seventeen, inspiring her with a passion for arms.

The dauphin, however, still hesitated to declare his full belief in the inspiration of Joan, deterred by his chancellor, who feared the derision of the English if France intrusted her sword to a hand used only to the distaff. The chancellor also feared the clergy, who might ascribe her inspiration to witchcraft. The king therefore thought it expedient to send her to Poitiers, that she might be examined by the university and the parliament. These two oracles of the times, having been driven from Paris, now held their sessions in that city. "I see," said Joan, "that a severe trial awaits me at Poitiers: but God will sustain me; my trust is in him."

XVII.

Questioned by the doctors with kindness, but with great care, she confounded them all by her faith in herself, as well as by her patience and sweetness. One of them said to her, "But, if God has resolved to save France, he does not need soldiers." — "Ah! my God," she replied, "the soldiers will fight, and God will give the victory." Another remarked, "If you give no other evidence of the truth of your revelations, the king can never intrust you with an

army." — "By my God!" replied Joan, "it is not to Poitiers I have been sent to give signs: take me to Orleans with as few soldiers as you please. The sign I am to give is the raising of the siege." When the doctors cited texts which forbade them to believe lightly in such revelations, "That is true," she answered; "but there are more things written in the book of God than in those of men."

At length the bishops declared that nothing was impossible to God; that the Bible was full of mysteries, and of examples which might authorize a humble girl to fight in the armor of a man for the deliverance of her country. The Queen Yolande of Sicily, mother-in-law of the dauphin, and the most honored ladies of the court, testified to the pure life and chastity of the prophetess. The dauphin doubted no longer. He confided to her the army, which, under the Duke of Alençon, her most zealous friend, was destined for the relief of Orleans.

XVIII.

A suit of light armor was procured for her, perfectly white, in token of her purity. She demanded a long rusty sword, marked with five

crosses, which, as she foretold, was found hidden away in the chapel of a church near Chinon. They placed in her hand a standard, also white, sprinkled with *fleurs de lis*, the heraldic flower of France. Thus she set forth, accompanied by an old and brave knight, her protector, named Daulon; by two children, her pages; two heralds-at-arms; a chaplain; many attendants; and by a crowd of people, who blessed her beforehand for the miracles she was to work, and the salvation she was to bring.

She was triumphantly received at Blois by the chief officers of the army, assembled to welcome her, and to follow her divine instructions, — the Marshal of Boussac, Dunois, Lahire, Saintrailles, and Baudricourt, recently arrived from Vaucouleurs; all directed by the chancellor to respect in this girl the will of God and the king. But the passionate enthusiasm of the people for the Virgin of Domrémy was far more to the army than the orders of the dauphin. The servant of God as well as of the throne, Joan began by reforming the morals of the army. Cards, dice, all implements of sorcery, both in the camp and in the city, were cast into the flames. Popular preachers followed in her footsteps, exhorting the women and the soldiers. One of them was so carried

away by his fanaticism, and so stirred up the people, rather as a tribune than a priest, that the pope had him seized by the Inquisition, and burned alive, as a propagator of heresy. Another, called Friar Richard, drew such multitudes, that thousands of men and children lay on the bare ground around the platform the night preceding his exhortations. The spirit of God breathed on men's souls like a tempest. Religion, patriotism, war, fired the masses. The humble Joan followed the preachers on foot through the streets of Blois; but her humility served only to inflame enthusiasm. Friar Richard envied her while pretending to share the fanaticism of the army. Already the course of events and the passions of men had prepared the way for miracles, for hatred even, and, after victory, for martyrdom.

The army, purified by the discipline introduced by Joan, was quickly filled by recruits hastening from every part of the kingdom at news of these prodigies. The standard of the Virgin of Domrémy was indeed the oriflamme of France.

XIX.

The chiefs, urged to profit by this enthusiasm, set their troops in motion. Joan, whom they consulted, wished that, without any reference to the numbers or situation of the English, they should march straight to Orleans along the northern bank of the river. The generals pretended to consent; but they deceived her, not being willing to expose the army to the danger they apprehended by following this advice. Having crossed to the southern bank of the Loire, thus placing the river between themselves and the enemy, they advanced through the woods and marshes of Sologne. The chaplain of Joan rode at the head of the army, bearing her banner, and singing hymns. The march seemed a religious procession, headed by the priest.

On the third day, Joan arrived before Orleans. When she discovered that the river lay between herself and the enemy, she was indignant at the deception practised upon her, but still advised an immediate attack upon the fortifications of the English which surrounded the city. But they restrained her ardor.

Dunois, who had the chief command both

of the army of succor and of the army within the city, leaped into a frail boat as soon as he saw the maid from the ramparts. "Are you the Bastard of Orleans?" she said, as he reached the shore at the feet of her horse. "Yes," answered Dunois; "and I am rejoiced at your coming." But, in a voice of sweet reproach, she said, "Was it, then, by your advice that we came by way of Sologne?" — "Such was the advice of the oldest and wisest captains," said Dunois. "My lord," replied Joan, "the counsel of God is wiser than the counsel of men. You intended to deceive me: you have deceived yourself. Fear nothing. God has appointed my path. For this was I born. I bring you the best help that ever knight or city received, — the help of God."

At this moment, the wind, which had been blowing up stream, and thus prevented the landing of the boats laden with food, and munitions of war, suddenly changed as if by miracle, and the city was provisioned in the face of the English.

The next day, having dismissed the army of the king, which had come only to escort the convoy to the gates, and was needed for the defence of the surrounding country, Joan entered Orleans at the head of only two hundred lances,

followed by the brave chevaliers Lahire and Dunois. Mounted on a white charger, carrying her standard in her right hand, and clad in her light armor, which shone in the sunlight, she seemed, alike to the people and to the soldiers, the angel of war and of peace. The priests, the people, the women, the children, threw themselves under her horse's feet, only to touch her spurs, thinking that some divine virtue emanated from this envoy of God. She had herself conducted to the cathedral, where they sang the Te Deum of praise for the succor she brought. But the aid which encouraged the people most was the supernatural aid which they believed they saw and possessed in the prophetess.

Joan was conducted from the church to the house of the woman of fairest fame in the city, that her name might remain untarnished, even by suspicion, in the midst of a camp. A feast had been prepared for her; but she partook only of a little bread and wine in humility, and in remembrance of the frugal board of her father.

XX.

THEN she dictated a letter to the English, which sounds like the challenges hurled at each other by the heroes of Homer on the field of battle.

"King of England," she said, "and you, Duke of Bedford, who call yourself Regent of France, and you, William, Count of Suffolk, John Talbot, and you, Thomas Scales, who claim to be lieutenant of the Duke of Bedford, obey the King of Heaven: surrender the keys of the kingdom to the virgin sent of God. And you, archers and men at arms before Orleans, in the name of God return to your country. King of England, I am, by the will of God, commander of the French; and, wherever I meet you, I shall make war upon you. Believe me, the King of Heaven will give more power to me than you can bring against me in all your assaults." She invited them to enter upon negotiations for peace, promising them safe conduct and an honorable reception if they would come to Orleans.

Laughter, derision, and cynical railings, were the only response to this letter of Joan. They called her a harlot, and a keeper of kine. In

defiance of the laws of war, they detained her herald-at-arms a prisoner. She sent a second message to Talbot, offering him battle under the ramparts of the city. "If I am conquered," said she, "you will have me burned alive; if I am victorious, you will raise the siege." Talbot replied only by disdainful silence. He felt himself insulted by this challenge from a child and a girl.

XXI.

JOAN, called to a council of the generals, through respect to the wishes of the king and the sentiments of the people, expressed the same impatience to fight, the same unswerving confidence in the power that had been conferred upon her. Dunois yielded to her in every thing, sometimes even contrary to his own judgment, knowing that, by so doing, he satisfied the people, and inflamed the courage of the soldiers. As politic as he was brave, the bastard, if he did not give full credence to her revelations, had faith in the enthusiasm which they kindled. The irreproachable conduct, the sublime faith, the wonderful power, of Joan, exerted an irresistible influence over him. They understood each other well; he enlightening her by his ad-

vice in counsel, she inspiring him by her heroism in action.

The Lord of Gamaches, an old soldier, witnessing the deference paid by Dunois and Lahire to the opinions of this girl, was indignant from the first that the revelations of a peasant should be preferred to the advice of an experienced general like himself. "Since they will listen," he exclaimed, "to an adventurer of low birth in preference to a knight like me, I shall say no more. My sword shall speak for me. I may perish; but honor, as well as the interest of the king, forbids me to sanction such folly. I surrender my banner: henceforth I shall be a simple squire. I would rather have for my chief a noble knight than a girl who has been I know not what." Then, folding his banner, he returned it to Dunois.

Joan breathed nothing but war; and every delay in the deliverance of her country seemed to her a distrust of the divine word, and an offence against God. The day after her arrival, she mounted her horse to escort a detachment which was going to Blois for re-enforcements. On her return, she rode alone towards one of the forts with which the English had girded the city; and, raising her voice that they might hear, she summoned them to evacuate their strongholds.

Two English knights, Granville and Gladsdale, as famous for their courage as for their cruelty to the people of Orleans, answered her with insult and scorn, ordering her to return to her distaff and her flocks. "Soon you will be defeated," said Joan; "many of your soldiers will be killed; your army will be routed: but you yourselves will not live to witness it." Thus she foretold their defeat and their death.

XXII.

THE second re-enforcement, headed by Dunois, entered the city without molestation.

Dunois went to thank Joan for her good advice, informing her at the same time of the approach of an English army which would complete the investment of the city. "Bastard, bastard!" she exclaimed, "I warn you to notify me the moment the army appears; for," added she gayly, "if I do not give them battle, you shall lose your head." Dunois promised to let her know.

A few days later, as she was lying down at noon to rest, having been busily engaged in enforcing the discipline she had established in the army, a supernatural impression pre-

vented her sleeping. Suddenly springing to her feet, she called her squire, the old Lord of Daulon, crying eagerly, "Arm me, arm me! I am commanded to attack the enemy; but whether in their trenches, or in the open field, I do not know." Whilst the chevalier was putting on her armor, a great uproar was heard in the streets, the people shouting, "The English are murdering the guards at the gates!" "Great God! the blood of France is flowing! Why did you not call me sooner? My arms, my arms! — my horse, my horse!" and without waiting for Daulon, who was himself unarmed, she rushed from the house.

Her little page was playing on the steps. "Ah! naughty page, why did you not tell me that the blood of France was shed? Quick! my horse!" She sprang to her saddle; and, approaching a window where her standard was floating, she seized it, and rode at full speed to the gates of the city. On arriving there, she met a wounded soldier whom they were carrying off. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "I never see the blood of a Frenchman without shuddering."

The French chevaliers had attempted to surprise the Bastille of St. Loup, and Talbot had driven them back to the ramparts of Orleans.

Joan rallied the fugitives, called up re-enforcements, routed Talbot, and assailed the fortress. Great slaughter ensued, and the garrison were taken prisoners; but the conflict over, her heart melting with compassion towards the dead and wounded, she wept over the slain, and quickly put an end to the carnage. The miracle of her wakefulness and her intuition; the inspiration which filled her, and beamed in every feature of her beautiful face; her unrivalled sway in the army, combined with her tenderness, — elevated her to the dignity of a prophet and a hero in the camp of the French, and spread dismay through the army of the English.

Resolved to make a decisive attack upon the enemy if they obstinately refused to raise the siege, she made one more attempt to spare the effusion of blood. She mounted a tower, and, tying a letter to an arrow, shot it into the enemy's camp. She summoned them to surrender, promising them mercy. They remained deaf to her entreaties, and returned in the same manner the most infamous replies. She blushed on hearing them read, and could not keep back her tears, but, quickly drying her eyes, exclaimed, "God knows that these are lies!"

XXIII.

By the advice of Dunois, she commanded a *sortie*, and a general attack on the four fortresses on the left bank of the Loire. The French were repulsed, and put to flight. Joan watched the battle from a little island in the river; and, seeing the rout, she threw herself into a light boat, and, taking her horse by the bridle, landed in the midst of the *mêlée*. Her presence, her voice, her standard, the divinity which the soldiers said shone in her countenance, electrified them. She led them to the palisades, reduced the forts, and set fire to them with her own hand. The ashes of these English bastilles, reeking with the blood of their defenders, were the trophy of this victory. Joan returned triumphant, but wounded in the foot by an arrow. She was weakened by the loss of blood, but could not be persuaded to taste either food or drink, having made a vow to fast on that day for the redemption of her people.

Dunois and his lieutenants thought they had accomplished enough by driving the enemy from one side of the river. "No, no!" said Joan: "you have had your counsellors; I

have had mine. Believe me, the commands of my Lord and King must prevail. Be ready to-morrow: I have a greater work to do than has yet been done, and in this struggle my blood will be shed."

It was in vain that on the following day an order was issued to keep the gates closed. The populace and the soldiers, filled with enthusiasm and flushed with victory, rose seditiously against their leaders, and even threatened the generals. The gates were broken open, and the multitude rushed like an impetuous torrent after their deliverer. The generals were forced along. Dunois, Gaucourt, Granville, Lahire, Saintraille, hastened to the assault of the principal fortress. The English, protected by ramparts and ditches, mowed down the advancing masses with their artillery: the ladders, hewn down with axes, fell upon the assailants. The foot of the fortifications was heaped with dead. A panic seized the multitude. Joan alone remained firm: she seized a ladder, and, placing it against the rampart, was the first to mount, sword in hand. At that instant, an arrow struck her in the neck, near the shoulder, and she fell into the ditch. The English, who regarded the capture of Joan as more important than any victory, rushed from their intrench-

ments, and attempted to seize her; but Gamaches sprang to her assistance, and stood over her body, battle-axe in hand. At his summons, the French returned to the charge, and rescued her. She soon recovered from the stunning effects of her fall; and Gamaches, who had perilled his life to save her, and who had witnessed her heroic act, seeing her lying wounded and bleeding, exclaimed, "Accept my horse! I was wrong to have distrusted you, my noble, generous, and valiant knight." They removed her to a place of safety that her wound might be dressed. The arrow came out behind the shoulder, making a wound longer than the width of two hands, which bled profusely. Like Clorinda, she was compelled to expose her person; "but the purity of her soul, and the sight of her blood shed for her country," says Daulon, "clothed her with such sanctity in her nakedness, that an impure thought was impossible." The soldiers looked upon her more as an angel than a woman: yet she was a woman, weak and gentle; for she wept on seeing her own blood flowing; but, gaining her strength, she offered up a prayer to her ministering angels, and drew out the arrow with her own hand. Some of the soldiers tried to induce her to use magical

incantations and other superstitious remedies to effect an immediate cure; but she gently refused, saying, "I would rather die than sin thus against the will of God." The wound being dressed, she remounted her horse to follow with regret the discouraged army. Turning aside, she entered a barn, and prayed fervently for guidance in this critical moment. She burned with enthusiasm to continue the battle, yet feared lest she might tempt God.

XXIV.

Her banner still remained in the ditch, at the foot of the ladder from which she had fallen. Daulon, catching a glimpse of it, ran with a few soldiers to save this treasure. Joan hastened after them on horseback. When the knight placed the standard in the hand of his mistress, its folds, agitated by the movements of the horse and by the wind, unrolled, and floated in the sunlight. The French, although in full retreat, mistaking it for a signal from Joan, instantly rallied to her aid. The English, who believed her dead, were struck with consternation on seeing her again on horseback at the head of the assailants. They imagined they

beheld celestial beings, the tutelary divinities of Orleans, in the midst of the smoke and flash of the cannon, fighting, with the sword of the Lord, for Joan and for France.

A beam thrown across the ditch served as a bridge to an intrepid knight, who opened the way to the ramparts, followed by the French battalions. The English commander, Gladsdale, gave way before this unexpected irruption, and endeavored to cross a second ditch to shelter himself within the redoubt. "Surrender, Gladsdale!" cried Joan. "Thou hast reviled me; but I have pity on thy soul and on thy followers." As she uttered these words, the drawbridge, upon which the last handful of English were bravely defending themselves, was broken by the fall of a beam, and they were suddenly submerged in the Loire.

After the battle, Joan entered Orleans amid the ringing of bells and the shouts of rejoicing multitudes. Her face was, as it were, transfigured by a holy joy at this victory, achieved, as she fully believed, by the power of God, but which the soldiers and the people attributed to her intrepidity, her superhuman courage, and the divinity which clothed her. She was their glory, their salvation, their religion. The obscurity of her former condition endeared her to

the people; for she was one of themselves. They gloried that the saviour of France was born in a cottage, as the Saviour of the world had formerly been born in a stable at Bethlehem.

XXV.

The English generals acknowledged the hand of Omnipotence in the irresistible power of the virgin leader of the French. They burned the few fortresses they still retained in this part of France, and raised the siege of Orleans. The French army and the people breathed nothing but vengeance. "No," said Joan with gentle authority: "they must not be slaughtered. Let them depart." Then, erecting an altar on the ramparts of Orleans, she offered up a sacrifice of pardon to her enemies, and sung hymns of victory while the English filed off beneath the walls of the city.

But she wasted no time in vain triumphs. She conducted the victorious army to the dauphin to assist in vanquishing city after city. On her arrival, the king and the queens received her as the envoy of heaven, sent to restore to them the lost keys of the kingdom. She accepted their unbounded expressions of

gratitude with diffidence; only saying with sadness, "My work must be quickly accomplished: I have but one year to live." She entreated the dauphin to proceed immediately to Rheims to be crowned, although that city and the adjoining provinces were still in the hands of the Burgundians, the Flemings, and the English. The rashness of this advice struck the council and the generals with amazement. The coronation of the king at Rheims was, in the eyes of all, an impossibility; to attempt it a folly, which could terminate only in the loss of the prestige they had so recently gained. They insisted that Normandy and the capital should first be reconquered. Council after council was held. Joan was tormented by the inaction and listlessness of the court. Her voices pressed upon her the necessity of immediate action, and she importuned the dauphin to set out without delay.

XXVI.

One day, when the dauphin was closeted with a bishop and some confidential friends, deliberating on the course he should take, she tapped gently at the door. The king, recognizing her voice, opened it. "Noble dauphin," said she,

kneeling before him, "do not hold these long debates. Go and receive your crown at Rheims. The voice of God commands me to lead you there." — "Joan," said the bishop, "how does God communicate to you his will?" — "Yes, Joan," added the king: "tell us how." — "Well," she replied, "I was at prayer, pouring out my complaints at your want of faith, when I heard a voice say, 'Go, my child: I will be with thee.' When I hear this voice, in my heart I am happy, and long for it to speak to me always."

The dauphin, inspired with hope and confidence by these words, no longer resisted the solicitations of the virgin. He gave the command of the army to the Duc d'Alençon, and preparations were made for their departure. They first marched against the English, who were headed by Suffolk. The vast numbers to be encountered tried severely the confidence of the court and the little band who followed Joan. "Fear nothing," said she. "God is our captain. If it were not so, I should never have left my home to encounter the perils that await us." Passing through Orleans, which still echoed with the glory of her achievements, they marched against Suffolk, who had retired to Jergeau. On the 14th of June, they laid

siege to the place. "You are afraid, gentle lord," said Joan, smiling to the brave D'Alençon. "But be of good cheer: I have promised to return you safe and sound to your wife."

It was on the following day, while their artillery was bombarding the city, that the duke was standing by Joan; when she suddenly pushed him from the spot, and the next instant the head of a gentleman who took the duke's place was carried off by a cannon-ball.

The day after, a general assault was made on the fortifications. Great slaughter ensued; but Joan, impelled by a power which knew neither fear nor failure, mounted the ramparts, standard in hand. Instantly she was precipitated into the ditch below by a stone, which broke her helmet, and must inevitably have killed her, had not the steel casque and her profusion of hair saved her. She soon rose, and resumed her place; and the city was taken by storm. Suffolk surrendered to one of her knights.

XXVII.

She urged the immediate advance of the army. They set out in pursuit of another division of the English, commanded by Talbot

in La Beauce. Seperated from this army by a forest, Lahire, who led the advanced guard, was hesitating which road to take; when a stag, passing him at full speed, took its way to the camp of the English, whose shouts of delight at sight of this prize informed the French of their position. The English, thus surprised, were totally defeated. Their most renowned chiefs, Talbot and Scales, were taken prisoners, and sent to the dauphin. After the battle, Joan, moved to tears at sight of her bleeding enemies, sprang from her horse, lifted the wounded from the bloody ground, and dressed their wounds with her own hands.

The Duke of Bedford trembled at Paris. "All our disasters," he wrote to the Cardinal of Winchester, "are owing to a young magician, who has inspired the French by her sorceries." He recalled the Duke of Burgundy from Flanders, that he might encourage the troops, and aid in the defence of Paris.

XXVIII.

After this battle, Joan returned to the king, and at length persuaded him to proceed with her to Rheims. Their route lay through Auxerre

to Troyes, the capital of Champagne. This city had been the first to sign the famous treaty disinheriting the dauphin, and now, stimulated to resistance by a garrison of English and Burgundians, refused to surrender. Joan wished to storm the city at once: but the generals feared to risk an attack; and, after a week of fruitless negotiations, the lord chancellor advised the dauphin to raise the siege. Council after council ensued. Joan, in despair, went one day to the chamber. "Noble dauphin," said she, "waste no more time in these debates; for, in the name of God, in three days I shall enter with you into the city." — "Joan," said the chancellor, "if we could be sure of taking it in six days, we would gladly remain." — "Oh! fear not," she replied: "to-morrow you shall be master of Troyes." At these words they resolved to suspend their departure, and await the issue.

Joan could not defer her preparations till the morrow: she hastened to the field, mounted her horse, and, putting the army in motion, pitched the camp on the edge of the ditch that surrounded the city. Knights, squires, archers, mechanics, men of all ranks, worked together, bringing from the neighboring houses doors, tables, windows, and rafters, to construct a temporary shelter for the troops.

The tumult occasioned by these nocturnal preparations began to create alarm in the city, which had hitherto almost ignored the presence of the royal army. The terror was increased, when, at sunrise, they beheld the mysterious standard of the Maid of Orleans floating before their ramparts, and heard Joan cry, "To arms, to arms!" The French battalions, loaded with fascines and ladders, advanced to the assault. A sudden panic seized the city, and the terror-stricken garrison offered to capitulate.

The king, in his astonishment and joy, made no difficulty about conditions; even consenting that the English should take their prisoners with them. The Anglo-Burgundian garrison evacuated Troyes the next day at dawn; but, when the convoy of prisoners reached the gate of the city, they met Joan, and, falling on their knees, implored her to deliver them. "In the name of God," she cried, "they shall not be taken hence!" and she ordered the convoy to stop. No one attempted to gainsay her commands, and the prisoners were released.

The following day, at the earnest entreaty of Joan, the army resumed its march. As the deliverer of Orleans approached her birthplace, the enthusiasm of the people increased. Her family at length acknowledged her inspiration;

and her brothers, whom she had induced to join the army, were distinguished at court, and the king conferred upon them a coat of arms. They fought and conquered under the eyes of their sister.

But there were some, who, jealous of her fame, tried to disparage the illustrious girl, whose humility amid her triumphs should have called forth only veneration. At her entrance into Troyes, Friar Richard, the jealous monk of whom we have already spoken, even had the audacity to go and meet her, muttering exorcisms, and making the sign of the cross upon her charger, as if she were an emissary of Satan. "Approach," said Joan, smiling. "I shall not fly."

XXIX.

Chalons and Rheims opened their gates. The day after the arrival of the king, his coronation took place in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, according to the usual ceremonies. Joan stood beside the altar, her standard in her hand. Her celestial figure, glorified by the rays which shone through the painted glass, seemed the personification of the angel of France presiding over the resurrection of her country.

After the ceremony was over, Joan approached Charles, and, embracing his knees, exclaimed, "O gentle king! now the will of God is accomplished. He commanded me to lead you to Rheims to receive your crown. Behold! you are king, and France will become subject to your sway."

Charles was the monarch of the realm; but Joan was the palladium of the people. The soldiers knelt, and kissed her standard. The women touched her with their little children as they would a sacred relic. But an unwonted sadness seemed to fill her, and she wept. "In the name of God," said she to the bastard, who was standing beside her, "here is a good and devoted people; and, when I die, I hope it may be among them." — "Joan," said Dunois, "do you know when and where you will die?" — "Whenever it pleases God," she replied; "but I know neither the time nor the place. Oh that it were the will of my Creator that I should lay down my arms, and return to my father and mother, to tend their flocks with my brothers!"

Thus she began to feel those foreshadowings of the future which oppress the spirit of the hero after the crisis of his destiny has passed, —

the ascent to glory and to victory; when the last act of the tragedy is foreseen, — the descent from the Mount of Transfiguration, and the funeral-pyre of the martyr.

PART SECOND.

I.

The king and army quitted Rheims the 20th of July, and descended the Valley of the Aisne on their way to Paris.

France was virtually saved. The resurrection of the dauphin, summoned from the arms of his mistress by the voice of a shepherdess; the miraculous deliverance of Orleans; the defeat of Bedford on the plains of La Beauce; the captivity or death of the most renowned English generals, — all combined to kindle a patriotism almost fanatic throughout the nation, and spread terror in the camps of the English and Burgundians.

The very soil of France repudiated her enemies. They felt themselves usurpers of her throne, and strangers in the land. The coronation of the king at Rheims, in which the people saw his legitimacy decided by the hand of the Almighty, secured to him, not only their love,

but their religious veneration. To revolt against him would be impiety. In defending him, they were fighting for the elect of God.

Moreover, as always happens after great reverses, division, discord, rivalries, and mutual recriminations, distracted the councils of the English and Burgundians. The Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, and the Cardinal of Winchester, Sovereign of England under the child-king, hated and circumvented each other while preserving the semblance of a good understanding and mutual support. The cardinal, however, becoming alarmed at the disgraceful defeats of Bedford, brought a new army to Paris, where the duke awaited him in trembling anxiety.

All the cities of the surrounding provinces declared in favor of the French. The standard of Joan, unfurled before their walls, sufficed to open their gates to Charles. The superstition of the people saw floating round this standard celestial flames, raying forth the divine power which accompanied this envoy of God. Whole villages ran to meet the king, singing *Te Deum Laudamus;* and pressed round Joan, weeping for joy. She gently rebuked their superstitious reverence and homage, disclaiming all superhuman virtue, and telling them that all she had done had been accomplished through God.

II.

After some manœuvres of the French and English around Paris, the king advanced to St. Denis; and the Duke of Bedford hastened to shut himself up in the city, to defend it against assault from without, and treachery from within. The Duke of Burgundy, beginning to see on which side victory would ultimately perch, began to negotiate secretly with Charles. Joan, consulted about these negotiations, did all in her power to forward them. The letters which she dictated to the duke breathed nothing but peace, reciprocal good will, and the necessity of a union of all members of the French family against the foreign invader.

Joan urged the king to attack Paris at once: but several days were wasted in attempts at negotiation; and when, at length, the generals decided to make a vigorous demonstration, she showed a fatal reluctance which they had never before witnessed. Her voices warned her to remain at St. Denis; but the generals dragged her, almost perforce, to La Chapelle.

An unhappy occurrence which took place at this time caused her much trouble and sadness. The astonishing change which she had wrought

in the morals of the soldiers had been of short duration; and they soon returned to their dissolute habits. The chaste girl could not become habituated to their gross immorality. One day, indignant at some soldiers who were attempting to violate a peasant-girl, she struck one of them on the cuirass with the blade of her sword, with such force as to break it in two. It was the sword which had been like a talisman in her hand. Fatal presage! She wept bitterly over its loss. She still retained, however, her white standard and her little battle-axe.

III.

The next day, the French troops, defiling along the walls of Paris, put themselves in battle-array on the rising ground opposite the Gate St. Honoré. A furious cannonade immediately commenced on both sides. From this eminence, covered to-day with streets, houses, and churches, Joan commanded the assault of the ramparts. She leaped the first ditch with the Duc d'Alençon and the other generals, under fire of the city; but, on arriving at the second, was exposed, almost alone, to the bullets of the enemy. Having sounded the depth of the water with her

lance, she ordered the soldiers to fill the ditch with fascines, and, waving her standard, called upon the city to surrender; but at that instant an arrow pierced her thigh, and she fell, fainting, on a heap of dead and wounded. They removed her to the farther side of a little hillock which separated the two ditches, that the arrow might be withdrawn. As soon as she recovered her consciousness, she raised herself on the litter, and encouraged the soldiers by voice and gesture to continue the assault.

The brave chevaliers entreated her to be removed to the camp. The arrows and balls fell thick as hail, and strewed the ground around her: the ditches were piled with the slain. She would not go. At length a message came from the king at St. Denis, ordering the army to retreat. Joan was in despair; but nothing could induce her to abandon the field.

Night fell upon city and plain. The Duc d'Alençon, trembling at the idea of losing her, and, in her, the inspiration and hope of the army, was forced, late at night, to seek her himself among the heaps of slain, and carry her, in the arms of his soldiers, from this field of carnage where she wished to die. As she passed through the camp, she heard the reproaches and imprecations of the soldiery. It was the first draught

from that bitter chalice which she was destined to drain to the dregs.

To conceal their heavy loss from the English, the French carried their dead from the field, and, laying them in one great funeral-pile, burned them during the night.

This terrible reverse was the first blow to the fame of Joan, as the deliverer sent by Heaven. She began to doubt herself. Her faith was staggered by this disaster. She humbled herself before God and the king, and, renouncing war, hung her armor and sword on the tomb of St. Denis in the cathedral. The king and generals entreated her to resume them, blaming themselves for the defeat in not following her advice, and insisting that her presence alone could save the army and France. She could not resist this appeal, and devoted herself anew to her country, but rather with the resignation of a martyr than the enthusiasm of a hero.

IV.

The army became demoralized after this ill-fated enterprise against Paris. A truce was concluded, preparatory to negotiations; and Joan went to assist the Duke of Normandy in recov-

ering his personal estates from the English. Lord d'Albret afterwards induced her to accompany him to Bourges.

At the siege of St. Pierre le Moutier, her inspiration returned amid the smoke and thunder of the assault. Almost alone on the farther side of the ditch, abandoned by her soldiers, she still fought. "Joan, come back!" cried Daulon. "You are alone!"—"No," she replied with exultation, pointing to heaven, "I have fifty thousand men." Her soldiers, inspired by these words, returned with fury to the assault, and, scaling the walls, made themselves masters of the city.

On the resumption of hostilities between Charles VII. and the English, she returned with her army to the king, then encamped under the walls of Paris; but her soul was filled with fatal presentiments. Her voices had told her that she would be taken prisoner in less than three months. "Be not dismayed," they said: "God will be with thee." Daily these sad warnings were repeated. She no longer felt the inspiration of certain victory, but suffered herself to be directed by the generals. She imparted to no one the thoughts which oppressed her; and her companions in arms saw her always displaying the same courage, always clothed

with the same serenity. She prayed only that she might be spared the horrors of a long imprisonment.

After routing several detachments of the enemy, she hastened to Compiègne to defend it against the Duke of Burgundy. The city was strongly fortified and well provisioned, the garrison numerous, and the inhabitants devoted to the national cause; but the commandant, William de Flavy, although a brave soldier, was a brutal and debauched man, and rumor accused him of hostility to Joan. The chaste girl could scarcely conceal the horror with which he inspired her; and it was natural that he should hate her, whose purity and gentleness were his daily reproach. The other captains, too, chafed under the stern discipline which she maintained in the army, and the sleepless vigilance with which she protected the people from their exactions and their violence.

V.

Joan had left Compiègne to obtain men for the defence of the city. Escaping the vigilance of the besiegers, she re-entered the place on the 25th May, before sunrise. The generals had decided to make a *sortie* before night. Joan

went in the morning to communion in the Church of St. James de Compiègne. She was leaning against one of the pillars of the nave, lost in thought, when the poor people and the children pressed round her, grieved by the sadness of her face. "Alas, my good friends, my dear children!" said she, "my heart tells me that I have been sold to the English. I shall be betrayed, and abandoned to a cruel death. Pray for me. Ere long, I can serve neither my king nor my country." Fatal presentiment, which calls to mind the words of our Saviour at the Last Supper.

For some time, they had noticed a deep sadness about her. She would go at evening into the churches, and kneel among the children who were receiving instruction in religion. They would find her absorbed in prayer under the shadow of the blackest pillars. Here she poured out the agony of her spirit like her divine Master on the Mount of Olives.

Her mother, who went to see her at Rheims, astonished at her intrepidity in battle, had said to her one day, "But, Joan, are you afraid of nothing?"—"Nothing but treason," she had replied.

About five o'clock, in obedience to the decision of the council of war, Joan left Compiègne at the head of five or six hundred men, and,

crossing the Oise, fell upon the enemy. Never had she displayed more courage. Three times she repulsed them, and drove them into their intrenchments; but, at the close of the day, the English and Burgundians concentrated all their forces, and, surrounding the handful of knights who followed Joan, bent every effort to kill or capture her, whom they regarded as the soul of the French army, the only cause of their former defeats. Surrounded and pursued in the midst of her followers, she sacrified herself to save those who had confided in her. Whilst they were crossing the drawbridge to re-enter the city, she remained behind, alone, to protect their retreat. The last soldier had passed the moat in safety; when, turning, she spurred her horse to the bridge. . . . Too late: it rose at that instant, leaving her to the mercy of her enemies.

An archer seized her violently, and dragged her from her horse. She rose, and attempted to defend herself, but was instantly surrounded, and disarmed. She surrendered to Lionel, Bastard of Vendôme, and was conducted to the Lord of Luxemburg, general of the Duke of Burgundy. No victory could be of such importance to the English and Burgundians as this prize, thus thrown into their hands by accident or by

treachery. The Duke of Burgundy hastened to assure himself of his good fortune by beholding the maid with his own eyes. He conversed with her long in private; but how much influence this interview had on his future conduct can only be conjectured.

The cannon of the camps, and the *Te Deum* of the cathedrals, celebrated the capture of Joan of Arc in every city and province of the allies. They imagined they saw the conquest of all France in the capture of this young girl.

Their delight was only equalled by the terror and despair of the French. Consternation spread through the cities of the Loire. At Orleans, Tours, Blois, where she was worshipped, public prayers and processions were ordained for her deliverance. The people of Tours marched barefoot through the streets, weeping, and chanting the *Miserere*. The poor bitterly reproached the lords and generals with having betrayed the holy virgin who had been sent by God to put an end to their miseries. A deep gloom fell upon the land.

The Bastard of Vendôme, having no castle sufficiently strong to secure such a prisoner, delivered her up to the Lord of Luxemburg, whose vassal he was, and whose favor he hoped to gain by this priceless gift.

It was an infamous crime for a knight to deliver up or to sell to another a prisoner whom the chances of war had placed at his mercy. The prison should be as sacred as the fireside. Lord Lionel was bound to protect his captive by the laws of honor and the usages of war, which forbade him to surrender her except for a ransom offered by France. Her sex, her age, her beauty, the gentleness and humanity she always displayed after a battle, her resolution never to shed a drop of blood, the purity of her morals, and the simplicity of her faith, should have at least insured her pity and respect.

VI.

They sent her first to the Fortress of Beaulieu; but she was afterwards removed to Beaurevoir, a castle more remote from the theatre of war, and very strongly fortified. The Duke of Burgundy had already bought her from Luxemburg; the English, from the Duke of Burgundy; and the Inquisition of Paris now hastened to outbuy them all.

"By virtue of our office," wrote the Vicar-General of the Inquisition to the Lord of Luxemburg, in whose hands she still was, "we demand

and enjoin, in the name of our holy faith, and under penalty of the law, that you send, without delay, Joan, suspected of heinous crimes, to be tried before this court of the Holy Inquisition." Thus it was that the French were zealous to avenge the English; and the Church of France rose up against the liberty of its own altars.

The Lord of Luxemburg, a foreigner, was less cruel than her own countrymen; and the ladies of his household treated her with the utmost tenderness and respect. The University of Paris, scandalized at the kindness shown her, and basely leagued with the Inquisition, supported the demands of the vicar-general by letters still more imperative.

In this drama of iniquity, a new actor now appeared, — the famous Peter Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who was indeed the Caiaphas of this Calvary. He was sold heart and soul to the English. He now wrote to the Lord of Luxemburg, demanding that "the woman called Joan the virgin" should be delivered up to the Church for trial, and offering, in the name of the King of England, a reward of ten thousand francs. The ladies of Luxemburg in vain exhorted Lord John to repulse indignantly this infamous proposal: he did not dare to resist the secret desires of the Duke of Burgundy, the

commands of the English, and the orders of the University and the Inquisition.

The responsibility of this atrocious crime, which all seek to shun, rests upon Paris, that accused her; Luxemburg, who basely surrendered her; the Inquisition, which sentenced her; the English, who burned her; and on the French, whose unparalleled ingratitude left her in the hands of her persecutors without even offering a ransom.

Thus far, Joan had borne her misfortunes patiently. Her voices consoled her in her captivity. She was far more concerned for the deliverance of Compiègne than for her own fate, although she knew at that time that she had been sold to the English. The patriotism of the inhabitants of this city had called forth her tenderest sympathy. She knew that they still defended themselves; and she prayed God to release her, that she might return to their aid. The announcement, that, when Compiègne was taken, the inhabitants, even the little children, would be put to the sword, drove her to despair. She resolved to escape, or perish in the attempt; and, commending herself to God, leaped from the top of the Tower of Beaurevoir. Her guards found her senseless in the ditch below; but she was only severely bruised. St.

Catherine, as she afterwards said, consoled her, and told her to ask pardon of God; assuring her, at the same time, that Compiègne would receive assistance before St. Martin's Day.

Joan recovered but too soon from the effects of her fall. In the beginning of October, she was taken to Arras, and thence to Rouen, to await her trial. She was confined in an iron cage; and chains were fastened round her neck, her ankles, and her wrists. Thus began the passion of the *daughter of God*, as she called herself when in her states of exaltation. The passion of Christ lasted a few hours: that of this holy maid continued six months.

VII.

The events of the war redoubled the fury of the English. They thought every thing was gained when Joan was captured; but they met only with fresh disasters. The spirit of this angel of war still hovered over the armies of France. Compiègne was relieved the last of October. The Duke Vendôme, Marshal Boussac, and Saintrailles arrived with four thousand men, and fell upon the camp of the besiegers. The garrison, the people, even the women,

rushed out of the city, and, furiously assailing the works of the English and Burgundians, met the army of relief in the midst of the enemy's lines. During the night, the soldiers of the allies fled, despite all their generals could do to retain them. Joan, although invisible, triumphed everywhere. The malignity of her enemies turned to relentless hate: the University and the Inquisition, servile partisans of the English, had already determined upon her death, vainly thinking to quench the patriotism of France in the blood of her savior.

No time was lost after the arrival of the maid at Rouen. On the 28th of December, the Chapter of the Cathedral granted territorial jurisdiction to Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, that he might appoint the trial of Joan in a diocese not his own. On the 3d of January, letters-patent from the King of England decreed that Joan should be given up to the bishop, to be tried according to "God and the law."

It is said, that, a short time previous to the appearance of Joan before her judges, the Lord of Luxemburg, on his way through Rouen, stopped to see her, taking with him the Earls of Strafford and Warwick, that they might feast their eyes on the terror of the English, dis-

armed, and loaded with chains. "Joan," said he with cruel irony, "I have come to pay your ransom, and to deliver you, on condition that you will promise never again to take up arms against us." — "Ah, my God!" she replied in accents of gentle reproach. "You but mock me: you have neither the power nor the will. Nothing but my death will satisfy the English. They think, when they have killed me, they will regain their power in France; but, if they numbered a hundred thousand more, they could not conquer this kingdom." Strafford drew his dagger to avenge the courageous words of the captive; but Warwick seized his arm, and prevented this outrage.

VIII.

The bishop, in order that the accused might be under the constant surveillance of the English, carried on the trial in the Castle of Rouen, where she was imprisoned.

They had taken her from the iron cage in which she had been at first confined; but, during the day, they still kept her feet in fetters, and at night put chains round her waist and legs. Her jailers were wretches chosen from

the vilest of the English soldiery. Animated by the most brutal hatred, they taxed their ingenuity and their malice to torment her. At night, they would awaken her by shouting that the officers had come to lead her to execution. Several times they attempted to violate her; and one day, if the commandant of the castle had not heard her shrieks, they would have effected their infamous design.

A notary had been despatched to Domrémy to see if any grounds of accusation could be found against her there; but in vain: all bore testimony to her faith, her sincerity, and her virtue. The companions of her childhood, faithful to truth and to friendship, spoke of her with tears of tenderness and compassion; the soldiers, with admiration; the people, with gratitude. On his return, Cauchon met him with insults, calling him a traitor and a villain, and refused to pay his wages. It became necessary to seek for grounds of accusation by resorting to the most hellish plots.

They engaged a monk of Rouen, Nicolas L'Oiseleur, to enter Joan's prison in a layman's dress, and win her confidence by representing himself as a loyal French prisoner. The ingenuous girl, incapable of suspecting this refinement of cruelty, answered his questions

about her voices, and all the incidents which it was important that her enemies should know. This wretch then informed her that he was a priest, in order to obtain from her, under the sacred seal of the confessional, the revelation of her most secret thoughts. During the interview of L'Oiseleur with Joan, notaries were posted in the adjoining room to take down every word she uttered; but they blushed at their office, and refused to lend themselves to this infamous plot. Cauchon could, therefore, obtain no official testimony against her; but the information furnished by L'Oiseleur gave him subjects for interrogation.

More than a hundred learned ecclesiastics and jurists were assembled at Rouen to form the tribunal before which she was to be tried. It seemed as though the judges fancied, that, by dividing the guilt, they might ease their consciences, and diminish the horror with which they would be regarded by posterity. These judges, however, could only examine the accusations, and inform against the accused. The Bishop of Beauvais, and the vicar of the inquisitor-general, Jean Lemaistre, alone had power to pronounce sentence upon her. That sentence was already decided in their hearts.

A number of the members of the tribunal

attended only through compulsion or fear. One of the assessors, Nicolas de Houpeville, had openly declared that neither the Bishop of Beauvais nor his adherents had any right to sit as judges, because they belonged to the party hostile to the accused. He reminded them also that Joan had been examined before a higher tribunal at Poitiers; viz., the Archbishop of Rheims, Metropolitan of the Bishop of Beauvais. Houpeville was arrested, and obliged to seek safety in flight. He was soon followed by another celebrated jurist, John Lohier, who refused to proceed with the suit, which he declared null and void.

The vicar of the inquisitor-general, whether touched with pity or visited by conscientious scruples, appears to have restrained rather than excited the ferocity of the bishop, and to have given to the trial some forms of justice and lenity. Before this tribunal, Joan was summoned to appear on the 21st of February, 1431. Then commenced that trial which has had no parallel in the history of the world since that which culminated in the tragedy of Calvary.

When we review the incomplete and mutilated accounts which we have received from the timid pens of the scribes, the heart is filled with anguish, and the hand trembles as we turn the

yellow pages. What should we feel if we had the history of this martyrdom written by a witness filled with the spirit of this inspired girl, imbued with the loftiness of her mission, if her gestures, the tones of her voice, the emotions of her soul, the varied expression of her face, could have been preserved? Even the imperfect compilation of the notaries, and the facts stated twenty years afterwards by eye-witnesses, reveal, in the prosecution of the trial, a series of diabolical plots worthy of the court of hell.

IX.

We are carried back in imagination to that gloomy hall where rises an image of the crucified Jesus, as if to rebuke a second time the outrages of the Pharisees; those benches, filled with dark figures in whom we see personified the most malignant passions of a degraded priesthood, — implacable hate, besotted egotism, cupidity, and hypocrisy. Around the tribunal, behind the Venetian doors, in the recesses of the windows, in the obscure corners of the hall, are seen the glittering arms and ferocious countenances of the English, who threaten the accused, and even the judges themselves.

Joan appeared, pale, tottering, broken down by two months of horrible imprisonment. A tempest of wrath burst forth at her appearance. The questions were put to her with such rapidity as to render it almost impossible to reply; while summons to answer burst from all quarters. Every word she uttered redoubled the tumult. The interrogations ceased to be violent only to become perfidious. Joan stood alone, without an advocate, without counsel. Those of the assessors who sought to aid her by giving her the most indispensable explanations exposed themselves to the furious invectives of Cauchon and the vengeance of the English. These scenes were prolonged between three and four hours, and were renewed sometimes twice a day. They hoped thus to overwhelm her by bodily fatigue added to mental suffering.

The bishop spoke to the accused at first with great meekness, that his seeming impartiality and pity might give weight to his decree. She complained gently of the weight of her chains, and the pressure of the iron rings on her limbs. The bishop reminded her that these fetters were a precaution which they had been constrained to take on account of her repeated attempts to escape. The prisoner replied, that, at the com-

mencement of her captivity, she naturally desired liberty; but that there was neither crime nor dishonor in attempting to gain it, since she had never pledged her faith not to leave the castle.

The accusations against her were then read, in which she was charged with crimes against the holy faith, with heresy and sacrilege. Interrogated concerning her age, she answered that she was about nineteen. Respecting her faith, she said that her mother had taught her the Lord's Prayer, the Ave, and the Creed; and that no one except her mother had taught her any thing about religion. They commanded her to repeat aloud the two prayers and the creed. She was evidently afraid to obey, lest, in reciting them in Latin before the doctors, she should make some mistake or omission which would be construed into heresy. "I will recite them willingly," she said, "if the Bishop of Beauvais will consent to hear me as my confessor." Doubtless she imagined, that, by opening her heart to the priest, she would convince her judge of the sincerity and orthodoxy of her faith. She was remanded, staggering under the weight of her chains, to the dungeon.

The following day, they commanded her to

swear that she would answer truthfully all the questions put to her. She replied, "I will speak the truth respecting all things; but the secrets of God and my king I will not betray."

She confessed, that, from the age of thirteen, she had heard voices and seen celestial lights in her mother's garden, near the church; that these voices had always given her wise counsel; that they had commanded her to go to Orleans, and raise the siege; that she had resisted; but that, after a long struggle, she had yielded, and persuaded her uncle to take her to Vaucouleurs, where she had an interview with the Lord of Baudricourt, who, on her departure for Chinon, had said to her, "Go: and may the will of God be done!"

She related with simplicity her presentation to the dauphin, and the divine intuition which had enabled her to recognize him among the crowd. They inquired what she had imparted secretly to him; but she would not tell, because, by so doing, she must have revealed the doubts of the king concerning his right to the crown. Being asked whether she had seen any supernatural sign, or beheld some celestial being hovering over the dauphin, "Excuse me," she said; "but I cannot answer that."

She was remanded to her dungeon for the night.

X.

THE bishop, at the opening of the third session, again admonished her to tell the truth, even respecting affairs of state. "My lord," she replied, "you say that you are my judge: think well of the responsibility you have assumed. You are not my judge: you are my enemy! I came from God: leave me to the judgment of Him who sent me. Beware what you do; for I am in truth the envoy of God, and you place your soul in great peril."

They resumed their interrogatories, designing to draw from her some avowal by which they might accuse her of witchcraft. "Do you still hear your interior voices?" — "Yes." — "When did you last hear them?" — "Yesterday, and again to-day." — "What were you doing when they spoke to you?" — "I was asleep, and they waked me." — "You threw yourself on your knees?" — "No; but I blessed them for their consolation, and entreated them to sustain me in my distress." — "Did they tell you that they would save you from your present peril?" — "To that I have nothing to answer." The bishop pressing her still further with questions, she reminded him again that he placed his soul in

great danger by being at once her judge and her enemy. "The little children," added she, "say that the innocent are often hung for speaking the truth." — "Do you think yourself in a state of grace?" demanded the bishop. "If I am not," she replied, "may it please God to receive me into grace! and, if I am, may it please him to retain me there!"

Her accusers were wholly disconcerted by this simple answer. "Did you hate the Duke of Burgundy when you were very young?" — "I wished very much that the dauphin had his kingdom." They referred to the apparitions she had seen, hoping to find some pretext by which they might accuse her of magic. She related with great simplicity the visits of St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret. They insisted upon knowing all that those spirits had revealed to her. "The revelations," she replied, "were addressed to the King of France, and not to those who dare thus to interrogate me." — "Were the spirits naked when they appeared to you?" — "Think you that the King of Heaven cannot clothe his messengers in garments of light?" — "Will you tell us by what evidence you convinced the dauphin of your divine mission?" — "I have already said that I will never speak of any thing touching the king. Go and inquire of him."

The following day, they demanded if her voices had predicted her escape from death. "That has nothing to do with my trial. Do you wish me to speak against myself? My trust is in God. His will be done!" — "Were you not asked to lay aside your military suit, and assume the garments of a woman?" — "Yes; and my answer has always been, that I could not change my dress but by the command of God. The daughter of the Lord of Luxemburg, who conjured her father not to deliver me up to the English, entreated me to do so; and also the ladies of Beaurevoir, whilst I was a prisoner in their castle. I told them I had not God's permission, and that the time had not yet come. If I could have done it innocently, I would have complied."

"Were not prayers put up in your name in the camp and in the cities?" — "If prayers were offered up in my name, I was ignorant of it, and certainly never would have given my consent to it. If they prayed *for* me, there was surely no crime in that. Many, it is true, rejoiced to see me, and kissed my garments, my arms, my standard, and whatever came within their reach; but it was because I never treated them with coldness, and always protected them, as much as I could, from the calamities of war. The

women and the girls touched my ring with theirs; but I see nothing sinful in that.

"Whilst I was at Rheims, at Château Thierry, at Lagny, several persons solicited me to stand god-mother for their children, and I consented; but I worked no miracles. The child I stood for at Lagny was three days old: it was very ill, and the young girls carried it to Notre Dame to pray for its restoration to health. I went with them to pray at the altar: the child gave signs of life, its lips moved, it was baptized, and died immediately."

"Did not the king give you a coat-of-arms and money when you were in his service?" — "The king bestowed a coat-of-arms upon my brothers. I received nothing from him but my horses, and money to pay my board." They tried to extort from her a confession that she had taken life in battle; but she declared that she had never shed a drop of blood, and always carried her standard in her hand instead of a sword. They demanded what she said to encourage her troops in battle. "I said, 'Assault the English boldly. I will lead you on!'" — "Have you ever been where the English have been slain?" — "Yes. Why did they not leave France, and return to their own country? My voices reveal many things to me aside from my

trial," she proceeded. "Mark well my words: The king will reconquer the whole realm of France. In less than seven years, the English will abandon a greater prize than Orleans. They will be driven out of France. I know this as certainly as I know that you sit there before me. It will come to pass within seven years. I am only sorry it will be so long delayed."

Her judges were awed by her fearlessness; they felt that her bold predictions were not the result of transient enthusiasm. She maintained them during the whole trial, never expressing the shadow of a doubt as to the issue of the war.

The following day, they demanded if the ring she wore had not some magical inscription upon it, and why she looked at it during a battle. "Because the name of Jesus is engraved upon it, and it reminds me sweetly of my father and mother." — "Why did you have your standard carried into the Cathedral of Rheims at the coronation of the king?" — "It had been my companion in danger," she said: "it was meet to have it with me on the day of triumph."

That day, as the priest, John Massieu, was conducting her back to prison, a chorister belonging to the chapel of the King of England

demanded of him bluntly if that woman was to be burnt. "Thus far," replied Massieu, "I have seen in her nothing but righteousness and honor; but I know not the end. God only knows." The Englishman immediately informed against him, and his life was in great peril. That honest ecclesiastic had previously been loaded with insults and threats, because one day, on the way from the prison to the court, he permitted Joan to stop a moment at the entrance of the chapel of the castle to pray before the holy sacrament of the altar.

XI.

At first they had sought to beguile the young girl through her simplicity; then they tried her patriotism; now they attacked her conscience. The attempt here must be successful. The University and the Inquisition were sold to the English regent. To refuse obedience to this body would be *represented* as refusing it to the Church, and she would be pronounced a heretic. On the other hand, to submit to the authority of this tribunal would be treachery to her king and country. "I leave myself in the hands of my Supreme Judge," she replied with a sublime in-

spiration, which transferred her cause from a human to a divine tribunal, thus confounding her judges. To all their artful questions she seven times returned the same simple but sublime answer. "Will you submit to our holy father the pope?" — "Lead me to the pope, and he shall have my answer in person; but what God has revealed to me, neither bishop nor pope can prevent my believing." — "If you do not believe in the Church you are a heretic, and must be burned at the stake." — "Although I should behold the flames, I would say nothing but what I have said." — "If the general council were here, would you submit to them?" — "You shall not draw from me another word." — "We will put you to the rack." — "Although you tear me limb from limb, and separate my soul from my body, I will never say otherwise than I have said."

The rest of that day, she uttered no word. Sorely tried, she gave vent to her anguish in prayer to be delivered from temptation: "Most merciful God, I entreat thee, by thy passion, that, if thou lovest me, thou wilt inspire me with such answers as I ought to make to these ecclesiastics. I know well what I should say regarding my life; but as to the rest, I hear nothing from my voices." Her mental conflict, more terrible than the dungeon, the chains, or

even death itself, brought on an illness, which interrupted the public trial; but the bishop and his coadjutors followed her even to the foot of the pillar, where she languished, loaded with fetters, prostrated with fever, agonized in spirit. They demanded if she would submit her cause to the general council, then sitting at Basle. "What is a general council?" she gently asked. "It is an assembly of all Christendom," replied a monk, Isambard, one of the assessors. "There are as many belonging to your party as to that of the English." — "Oh! if in that meeting there are any of our side, I am willing to submit to the Council of Basle." — "Hold your tongue, by God!" cried the exasperated Cauchon; and, boldly throwing off the mask of hypocrisy, he forbade the notaries to register her words. "Alas!" said she, turning her eyes beseechingly on the bishop, "you write all that is against me; but you will not register what is in my favor." Warwick, having been informed of what had happened, and meeting Isambard in the evening, loaded him with insults, and threatened to have him thrown into the Seine; and the prison was hereafter closed, even to Cauchon.

So intense was the desire for her execution, that the English trembled lest death should rob them of their victim. "I would not for the

world have her die a natural death!" said Warwick to her physicians. "The king has purchased her at too high a price not to see her burned alive. Cure her as speedily as possible."

The bishop, nevertheless, once more gained access to her prison, and represented to her the peril of her soul if she should die without being reconciled to the Church. "It seems to me," she replied, "that I am so ill, I am in great danger of death. If it should be so, God's will be done: I only wish to confess my sins, and to be buried in consecrated ground." He asked her if the Church should offer up prayers for her recovery. "May the righteous pray for me!". she replied.

They revived the accusation of suicide, founded on her reckless attempt to escape from the Château de Beaurevoir. She confessed that the thought of being a captive while her king and her people were shedding their blood had driven her to distraction. In that state, she had precipitated herself from the battlement, at the risk of her life; but that she had seen her fault, and asked pardon of her heavenly Father.

XII.

Her youth aided her recovery; and she was saved from one death only to meet another more appalling. The insults, the outrages, the joy, and the songs of her jailers announced to her the approaching sentence of condemnation. Three soldiers slept in her chamber. They talked loudly of satisfying their lust before her execution. She trembled in secret at their threatened outrage, and guarded vigilantly her man's apparel, determined to defend her chastity unto death. One day, through a touching feeling of modesty, she prayed, that if she were condemned and stripped, as was the custom, they would grant her the favor of a long garment when she was executed. Indeed, she added that she believed God would work a miracle rather than she should be so debased.

During Holy Week and the day of the resurrection, which Christians assemble to celebrate, Joan felt more painfully her solitude, and her separation from the flock of Christ. The joyous sound of the bells of Easter, ringing in the resurrection of the Saviour, fell like mockery on her desolate and stricken heart.

The University of Paris, when consulted rela-

tive to the interrogations and answers of the verbal process, pronounced her possessed of the Devil, impious in her conduct towards her family, and thirsting for the blood of the faithful; but the lawyers who were consulted accused her of no crime save obstinacy in her errors.

The Inquisition and the Bishop of Beauvais, intimidated by the clamor of the people, whose hearts began to be melted with pity for this unfortunate and innocent girl, pretended to relent, and to be satisfied with condemning her to perpetual imprisonment, instead of death. They therefore made a last attempt to draw from their victim a confession of her obstinacy; hoping thus to conciliate the populace by their seeming lenity, and gratify the hatred of the English by the severity of her punishment.

XIII.

The prisoner was dragged from the darkness of the dungeon, where she had languished for four months, that her judges might torture her in public. They ordered two scaffolds to be erected in the Cemetery of St. Ouen, behind the church. The Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, the judges, the churchmen, the

assessors, the representatives of the University, were seated upon one. Joan, bound hand and foot, tied to a post by a chain around her waist, surrounded by notaries prepared to register every word that fell from her lips, and by executioners, armed with their instruments of torture, ready to put her to the rack, stood opposite, on the other scaffold.

The immense and superstitious crowd, awed by this imposing spectacle, and divided between respect for the civil and religious authorities, fear of the foreign soldiery, horror of this pretended sorceress, and pity for the young girl, whose beauty was even more touching overshadowed by the hand of death, trembled as they gazed upon this scene from the square and the surrounding house-tops.

A celebrated preacher, William Erard, addressed Joan, and endeavored by every art to win from her a confession of her sins, and entire submission to the decision of the Church respecting the rights of the two belligerent powers. "O noble house of France," he exclaimed, thinking to strengthen his arguments by this pathetic appeal to the house of Valois, "thou who hast ever been the guardian of the faith, how hast thou fallen from grace by thus attaching thyself to a schismatic and a heretic! Yes,

Joan, it is of thee I speak," he added in a voice of thunder; "it is to thee I say that thy king is a schismatic and a heretic."

Joan, who had listened in silence to all the insults and abuse which had been directed against herself, could not suppress her indignation when her sovereign was assailed. "By my faith, sire!" she cried, "I swear that he is the noblest of Christians. There lives not one more devoted to the Church and the holy faith: he merits none of the impious titles you have bestowed upon him."—"Stop her mouth!" cried the Bishop of Beauvais. The officers imposed silence upon her.

The bishop then read a form of abjuration, which he conjured her to accept. "I am willing to submit to the pope," replied Joan. "The pope is too far off," said Cauchon. "Well, let her be burnt!" said the preacher. The notaries, the executioners, the populace, all entreated her to sign this act of recantation, which only involved a confession of her sins of ignorance, without disavowing her cause or her sentiments. "Well," said she, "I will sign it."

At these words, a murmur of relief rose from the crowd. The Bishop of Beauvais demanded of Winchester what he should do. "You must admit her confession and repentance," said the

Englishman. This was to grant her life. Whilst the courtiers were wrangling with the Bishop of Beauvais on the scaffold, declaring that he had favored the accused, and whilst he was angrily repelling the charge, a secretary approached Joan, and presented her with a pen to sign the recantation, which she could not even read. The poor girl, smiling, blushed at her ignorance, as she tried to guide the pen with those fingers which had so skilfully managed the sword. She traced, under the direction of the secretary, a circle, and in the centre a cross. Then they read her the sentence, which condemned her to pass the rest of her life in prison, there to deplore her sins, to eat the bread of sorrow, and drink the water of affliction.

At these words, the partisans of the regent, and the English soldiers, disappointed in their hope of revenge, began to move tumultuously round the tribunal, picking up the stones and bones scattered about the cemetery, and throwing them upon the scaffold at the cardinal, the bishop, the judges, and the assessors. "Miserable, dastardly priests, you betray the king!" The judges, to escape the storm of stones, and to pass through the crowd in safety, said to the most furious, "Be quiet: the sentence will soon be reversed!"

XIV.

Joan was less astonished at the death which she foresaw awaited her than at the hatred of a people to whom her heart clung with so much tenderness. She re-entered the castle, pursued by the execrations of the multitude, there to endure her fetters, and be subjected anew to the devices and outrages of her enemies. Whilst she slept, they stole the female apparel which she had worn upon the scaffold as an evidence of her obedience; thus compelling her to resume her military dress, which they placed beside her bed. Hardly had she put it on, when they called the bishop to detect her in this relapse. He scolded her violently, accusing her of backsliding after her abjuration. She protested solemnly that she had abjured nothing but her sins, and that she would rather die than live thus chained to the pillar of a dungeon.

Cauchon, convinced that nothing would satiate the malice and hatred of his party but the execution of this girl, whose very existence, even in the depths of her prison, recalled the defeats of the English and the treachery of the Burgundians, no longer contested this point with

Warwick. He persuaded the lawyers and the judges of the duty of punishing her impenitence with death; and the ecclesiastics delivered her over to the civil power, hoping, like Pilate, to wash their hands of the blood of this just person.

The monk Isambart announced to her the decree condemning her to the stake. "Alas, alas!" she cried, raising her chained hands in an agony of grief. "Will they treat me so cruelly? I had rather be beheaded seven times than to be burned alive. O my God! to thee I appeal from the injustice of the sufferings which are heaped upon me."

They granted her, as a last favor, the communion of the dying in her dungeon. The inmates of the castle, and the bishop, were present at this solemn feast. On perceiving him, she said in a tone of gentle reproach, "Bishop, I die through you." She recognized also one of the priests who had admonished her before the trial, and with whom she had contracted that sort of familiarity which exists between a prisoner and a visitor. "Ah, Master Pierre!" said she, melting into tears, "where shall I be to-night?"

They restored her woman's apparel, that she might prepare for the scaffold. She was placed

on the fatal cart beside her confessor. The monk Isambart followed her on foot, praying for her salvation, and manifesting the tenderest pity at the foot of the scaffold.

Suddenly a great tumult arose in the crowd. A man, deathly pale, rushed through the guards, and, throwing himself on his knees before the cart, supplicated Joan to forgive him, with sobs and bitter tears. It was L'Oiseleur, the priest hired by Cauchon to draw from her, under seal of the confessional, avowals of her guilt. The English would have massacred him on the spot, but for the intervention of Warwick, who ordered him instantly to quit the city, if he would escape a violent death.

The bishop, the inquisitor, the University, the judges, waited her arrival upon an estrade opposite a hillock covered with dry wood, prepared for the human sacrifice. When the cart stopped at the foot of the platform, "Depart in peace," said the preacher, in the name of the judges. "The Church can no longer spread over thee her protecting ægis: she surrenders thee to the secular arm." Vain and cruel pretence of those who had pronounced the verdict, and who imposed upon others the work of executing their infamous decree! Joan knelt down in the cart, not to ask life of her merciless

judges, but to plead with God for the pardon of the bishop and the priests who condemned her to the flames. She clasped her hands, bowed her head, and addressing herself, sometimes to her angelic guardians, sometimes to her executioners, she invoked their assistance, their compassion, and their prayers, in accents so tender, and with such heart-rending sobs, that at the sight of her youth, her innocence, and her beauty, about to be reduced to ashes, and the sound of this cry, which seemed almost to issue from the flames, the judges, the inquisitors, the soldiers, Winchester, even the Bishop of Beauvais, melted into tears. Some of them, unable to endure the sight of that countenance and the sound of that voice, fearing that they would be overpowered by compassion, descended from the platform, and mingled in the crowd.

The dying girl then confessed, in a clear and audible voice, the errors of which she might have been guilty during her mission on earth. Then she entreated them to give her the cross, that she might receive strength by contemplating the symbol of the crucifixion of her Redeemer; but they remained deaf to her prayer, till an Englishman, touched with pity, handed her one, which he made of two rough twigs tied together. She took it, pressed it with ten-

derness to her lips, and, opening her dress, laid it upon her heart. The monk Isambart, attentive to her slightest wish, seeing her desire so poorly gratified, performed an act of bold generosity, at the risk of seeming impious in his compassion. He ran to a neighboring church, and, seizing the cross which stood beside the altar, hastened to put it in her hands.

The executioners led her to the stake. Her confessor ascended the funeral-pyre with her, whispering pious encouragements in her ear. So completely was he absorbed, that he did not notice the approach of the flames. Joan, whose presence of mind and self-forgetfulness had not forsaken her, saw his danger, and exclaimed, "O Jesus! Go, my father; and, when the flames envelop me, elevate the cross, that my dying eyes may see it; and speak to me holy words even to the end." Then, looking with compassion on the people, so eager to behold the body of their deliverer wrapped in flames, she wept, crying out, "O Rouen, Rouen! I fear that one day thou wilt have to expiate my death!"

The Bishop of Beauvais, to obtain a last justification of his sentence by some accusations of the dying girl against herself, drew near the stake. "Bishop, bishop!" she exclaimed,

in a voice which seemed to issue from the grave, "I die by you!" Then, raising her voice, she said with rapture, "Yes, my voices were from God!"

Deep silence succeeded to the tumult of the exasperated crowd. It seemed as though this tempestuous sea of men was suddenly stilled to catch the last sigh of the expiring martyr. A cry of agony issued from the flames: they had caught her dress and hair. "Water, water!" she cried: it was the last instinct of nature. Enveloped by the flames which swept round her like a whirlwind, confused words alone escaped her lips. . . . Her head fell forward upon her breast. . . . "Jesus!" she sighed; and her great soul returned to God who gave it.

All that remained of the savior of France was a little ashes, which the Cardinal of Winchester had cast into the Seine, that no vestige might remain on the soil of France of the spirit and the prowess of this peasant-girl, who had disputed with him the supremacy of the kingdom.

He was mistaken. Joan of Arc was dead; but France was saved.

Such was the life of Joan of Arc. To enshrine her among the most sublime and touch-

ing characters of history, we need neither superstition nor imagination. Her oppressed country breathed into the pure soul of this maid its passion for liberty. All pertaining to her life seems a miracle: yet the miracle is neither in her visions, her standard, nor her sword; it is herself. She is the chaste image of her country, endeared by beauty, saved by the sword, and consecrated through martyrdom.


NORTHERN
FRANCE.
CALAIS
ARRAS
CH. DE
BEAUREVOIR
MEUSE R.
MOSELLE R.
HAVRE
ROUEN
COMPIEGNE
CHERBOURG.
RHEIMS
SEINE R.
PARIS
CHALONS
SUR MARNE
TOUL
VAUCOULEURS
DOMREMY
TROYES
STRASBOURG
RHINE R.
PATAY
ORLEANS
JERGEAU
AUXERRE
BLOIS
NANTES
TOURS
LOIRE R.
CHINON
POITIERS
ST. PIERRE LE MOUTIER

APPENDIX.

THE following extracts from Murray's "Guide-book for France," concerning the few surviving memorials of the "Maid of Orleans," may be interesting to the reader.

DOMRÉMY.—The humble cottage in which Joan was born, having always been treated with a sort of veneration, is preserved, somewhat altered, in an enclosure near the church. It stands between two buildings, public schools for girls of the district, erected by the department of Vosges as a monument to the memory of the virgin. Louis Philippe presented to the cottage a copy of the beautiful statue of Joan of Arc by his own daughter, the Princess Marie, "another inspired Maid of Orleans."

The only favor Joan ever solicited from the king, for whom she had effected so much, was that her native village should be exempt from every tax. This privilege was granted, and

remained in force until the Revolution. In the Registry-book of Taxes, the space opposite the name Domrémy was filled up with the words, "Nothing; for the sake of the Virgin."

Chinon possesses a deep interest for those who venerate and love the Maid of Orleans. This was the place where she made her first public appearance. Here she had that memorable interview with the dauphin. The remains of the castle are of vast extent: they occupy the summit of a lofty platform of rock, rising nearly three hundred feet above the town and the river. A natural escarpment surrounds it on three sides. Where the cliff was not naturally vertical, it has been cut away; and huge walls of smooth masonry have been built to a level with the top of the cliff. A deep fosse, or ditch, is cut through the rock on the fourth side, to isolate the promontory from the ridge, of which it forms the termination.

The royal apartments are still shown, and the very room in which the Maid first saw and singled out the dauphin; but they are in a deplorably dilapidated condition, and open to the sky. No tradition is preserved of the château in which Joan resided during the two days before she gained access to the dauphin; nor

can the church be pointed out in which she spent most of each day in prayer. It was at Chinon that she first girt on the mysterious sword found in the Church of St. Catherine of Fierbois; and here she unfurled her white banner, sprinkled with *fleurs de lis*, made for her under the direction of her "voices."

Orleans. — Nearly every memorial of Joan of Arc has been swept away. There is, however, a street called by her name. An ancient statue, erected on the bridge soon after her death, was broken to pieces by the revolutionists of 1792 to melt into cannon. An equestrian statue of her was erected on the Place du Martroy in 1855. In the council-hall of the Hôtel de la Marie is a portrait, painted in 1581, which apparently deserves little confidence as a likeness. She is dressed in the female costume of the fashion of Francis I. Louis Philippe presented to the city a bronze caste of the statue, modelled by his gifted daughter; by far the worthiest representation of the inspired maid.

The house in which she lodged is only in part left standing: the chamber she occupied is removed, and a sort of pavilion occupies its place. The scene of the chief exploits of Joan

was the old bridge, which stood much higher up the river than the present one, and rested in the centre, on an island. It was from this island that she watched the battle, and threw herself into a boat to go and rally the faltering troops. Opposite to the spot where the old bridge terminated stands a small cross, called "Cross of the Virgin." The fort is now only a damp, dirty cellar; possessing this interest alone, — that it is, perhaps, the only remaining relic of the siege.

Compiegne. — The spot where the inspired maid was captured is marked by the ruins of the Tour de la Pucelle, near the ancient gateway of the old bridge.

Rouen. — The Place de la Pucelle serves to record the fate of Joan of Arc, who was burned alive here on the spot marked to-day by the contemptible modern statue which bears her name, and stands upon a pump.

It was not until twenty-four years after her martyrdom that a papal bull proclaimed her innocence, and a cross was raised by her countrymen on the spot where she had been bound to the stake. The great tower of the old castle in which she was imprisoned was demolished in 1780.

"In the Musée des Monuments Français, at Paris, there is a portrait of singular interest. It is apparently that of a young girl, some twenty years of age, whose countenance wears a soft and dreamy beauty, which long haunts the memory of the beholder. Upon her head is a martial cap with feathers, and in her hand a shield and sword. It is Joan of Arc, the shepherd-maid, whose memory, for years assailed by detraction, now grows brighter as time develops her character and her virtues." — *Boston Transcript.*

"The original statue modelled by the Princess Marie, adorns, or rather sanctifies, the halls of Versailles." — *Atlantic Monthly.*

"There may be no reliable portrait of Joan; yet who would not ascribe to her the very form and features so exquisitely moulded by the Princess Marie, 'who seems to have had a soul pure enough to reflect the image of the Maid of Orleans, and to embody the vision in marble'? Who that has ever trodden the gorgeous galleries of Versailles has not fondly lingered before that noble work of art, that touching impersonation of the Christian heroine, the head meekly bended, and the hands devoutly clasping the

sword, in sign of the cross; firm resolution imprinted on those closely-pressed lips, and beaming from that lofty brow? Whose thoughts, as he paused to gaze, and gaze again, would not wander to the sculptress so highly gifted in talent, in fortunes, in hopes of happiness, yet doomed to an end so grievous and untimely. Thus the statue has grown to be a monument not only to the memory of 'the holy virgin,' but to her own; and thus future generations of France will love to blend the artist with the martyr, — Marie of Wurtemberg with Joan of Arc." — *London Quarterly Review.*

THE END.

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